(No. XXIV.)

THE PASTIME.

SCHENECTADY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

On Memory.

OF all the mental faculties, the memory is the most exercised during a collegiate life. Nor does it hold so subordinate a rank as we are apt to imagine. In our estimation it loses much of its dignity by familiarity. Though it be not as noble, it is perhaps more useful than the higher powers of the mind. From it they receive their support and nutriment. The Roman orator, in the following words, gives it no other character than it deserves—"*Quid dicam de thesauro rerum omnium, memoria? quæ nisi custos inventis cogitatisque rebus et verbis adhibeatur, intelligimus omnia, etiam si præclarissima fuerint, in oratore peritura.*"

Like the other powers of the mind, the memory may be vitiated and perverted. It may be exercised without being improved, and without yielding any essential benefit. It may be made treacherous or retentive, feeble or vigorous. And the character it acquires in youth it retains through life. All the mental powers are so far mechanical, that their operations are ultimately systematised. Man is no less the child of habit in these, than he is in his actions. The memory, in its capacity to receive impressions, may justly be compared with wax, but the similitude extended, becomes defective. To resemble a living agent to passive matter, is to degrade it. Its power of recalling ideas will depend upon the manner and degree in which they have been associated with others. There is a difference between committing any thing to memory and making it our own.—Dunces may, parrot-like, be made to repeat ideas and sentences, but memory is with them an isolated independent being. Contrary to its original destination, it is unsociable and incommunicative. It is the complete slave of the will, and labors without the least prospect of profit or pleasure. This drudgery, to which the blockhead must submit, should and can be avoided by every one whose talents fall not much below mediocrity. Memory was designed to act in a social capacity, not as a slave, but as a companion. Fancy, reason and judgment, all, combine to assist and facilitate its operations. A truth, which the memory embraces through the assistance or with the approbation of the understanding, will never fail to suggest itself, when the occasion requires. It is conceded, that all young minds are not capable of digesting, combining and investigating the truths, ideas and theories that are submitted to them during their reading and studies. But this

proves only that they need instruction and improvement. All do not like Hercules, in the cradle, manifest a giant's grasp. The power of associating and digesting must have a commencement. In its origin, like the other powers of the mind, it will be feeble —but gradual improvement, by means of exercise, is a law of nature. We enter into the world, not like a king into his palace, but like a beggar into the field of the husbandman—Personal industry and friendly assistance are the only means by which a poor man can enrich his table and the student his mind. I should think equally favorably of the prudence and industry of the laborer, who used one hand only when he might use both, and of the student, who improved his memory only, when he might, with greater facility, cultivate at the same time his memory and his understanding. It is ridiculous to see a man in a hurry, hopping instead of walking his journey.

EPISTOLARY.

For the Pastime.

We are at length enabled to present our readers with the letter of Cowper, which gave rise to the correspondence inserted in our nineteenth number. This letter is appended to the last and MOST PERFECT London impression of Hayley's Biography, a very few copies of which have crossed the Atlantic. The complimentary notice which it contains, of some native productions, will render it doubly interesting to Americans.

To Doctor James Cogswell, New-York.

Weston Underwood, near Olney, Bucks, June 15th, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter and obliging present, from so great a distance, deserved a speedier acknowledgment, and should not have wanted one so long, had not circumstances so fallen out, since I received them, as to make it impossible for me to write sooner.

It is indeed but within this day or two, that I have heard how, by the help of my bookseller, I may transmit an answer to you.

My title page, as it well might, misled you. It speaks me of the Inner Temple, and so I am, but a member of that society only, not an inhabitant. I live here almost at the distance of sixty miles from London, which I have not visited this eight and twenty years, and probably never shall again. Thus it fell out. Mr. Morewood had sailed again for America, before your parcel reached me, nor should I (it is likely) have received it at all, had not a cousin of mine, who lives in the Temple, by good fortune, received it first, and opened your letter. Finding for whom it was intended, he transmitted to me both that and the parcel.

Your testimony of approbation of what I have published, could not but be extremely flattering, as was your obliging notice, that the Task had been reprinted in your city. Both volumes I hope

have a tendency to discountenance vice, and promote the best interests of mankind; but, how far they shall be effectual to these invaluable purposes, depends altogether on his blessing, whose truths I have endeavored to inculcate. In the mean time, I have sufficient proof, that readers may be pleased, may approve, and yet lay down the book unedified.

During the last five years I have been occupied with a work of a very different nature—a translation of the Iliad and Odyssey into blank verse, and the work is now ready for publication. I undertook it, partly because Pope's is too lax a version, which has lately occasioned the learned of this country to call aloud for a new one—and partly, because I could fall on no better expedient to amuse a mind too much addicted to melancholy.

I send you, in return, for the volumes with which you favored me, three on religious subjects—popular productions, that have not long been published, and that may not therefore have reached your country—'The Christian officer's Panoply, by a marine officer'—'The importance of the manners of the great'—and an 'Estimate of the religion of the fashionable world.' The two last are said to be written by a lady, Miss Hannah More, and are universally read by people of that rank, to which she addresses them.

Your manners, I suppose, may be more pure than our's, yet it is not unlikely, that even, among you, may be found, some, to whom her strictures are applicable.

I return you my thanks, sir, for the volumes you sent me—two of which I have read with pleasure—Mr. Edwards's book, and the 'Conquest of Canaan.' The rest I have not had time to read, except Doctor Dwight's sermon, which pleased me almost more than any that I have either seen or heard.

I shall account a correspondence with you an honor, and remain, dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

WILLIAM COWPER.

OBITUARY.

FROM THE TROY GAZETTE.

Daniel Jones, Esq.—The untimely death of this young gentleman would justify our employing far warmer expressions of feeling than the common place language of panegyric can furnish. But to those who go to receive their crown of praise in heaven, eulogies are useless. The lives of men who have been conspicuous for virtue as well as talents ought, however, to be particularly commemorated at their death, for the sake of setting good examples before the living.

The solicitude of a very numerous acquaintance for the fate of Mr. Jones, during his long illness, furnishes his highest praise. Of his talents it is not too much to say, that they were hardly rivalled by any young man of his years. Solidity was the prominent feature of his mind. The powers of his understanding always subdued and chastened his

imagination. His thoughts moved easily, but never flashed. Good sense, rather than brilliant conceptions, marked his character. Nature had endued him with a strong and steady mind, and a persevering and indefatigable spirit. To these natural endowments, education had added habits of intense application to study and business. Qualified by these advantages, he easily seized an elevated standing at the bar, in the very commencement of his professional career.—Early formed principles of morality kept him aloof from the trick and chicanery so easy to be practised under a professional mask. With these rare accomplishments he did not fail to attract patrons and clients; and had his life been prolonged he certainly would not have failed to share the highest honors of his profession. By the loss of such a professional character the whole community is affected.

As a man, a citizen, and a friend, his loss is more nearly felt and more deeply deplored. The enticing frankness of his manner, and his unassuming, though dignified deportment, drew around him an early and numerous acquaintance; while the purity of his principles and the amiable qualities of his heart engaged him many fond friends. One excellence which he possessed spread an unusual lustre on his character; though his soul was the residence of warm and lofty passions, he had so thoroughly disciplined them to reason's rules, that they could never, even by surprise, sway him from the path of rectitude. It was, therefore, his almost singular fortune to possess those qualities, which entice friends "and gird them with bands of steel;" and to be free from the misrule of those passions, which provoke and perpetuate enmity. With the most sanguine prospects of earthly honor and happiness in view, and with many causes of attachment to the world, it was not easy to break the chain of his affection for it. The strong hope of recovering enabled him to struggle long with an unconquerable disease. But when that hope was blasted, he threw himself, with humble confidence, upon the mercy of that Saviour, in whom he had always firmly believed. It cost him some painful efforts to tear his thoughts from the fascinating objects of which he had been in so successful pursuit—but when this was done, he had not to encounter despair. Virtue was so strongly inwoven in his soul, that when he had once resolved to shut his eyes to the world, he was able without an effort to open them toward heaven.

VARIETY.

A life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom and friendship. To give, should be our pleasure, but to receive, our shame. Serenity, health and affluence attend the desire of rising by labor; misery, repentance and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.—*Goldsmith.*

Hobbes was much pleased with the following epitaph, which was made, to be engraven on his tomb stone: "*This is the Philosopher's Stone.*" A punster by the name of Fuller, wrote for his own epitaph "*Here lies Fuller's earth.*"

Variety.

Man was made to be religious; to acknowledge and reverence God, and to be conformed in his moral conduct to the law of God. You have only to consult your hearts to be convinced of this. The proof is there inscribed in characters which are indelible.

When the child first begins to look abroad into the works of the creator, he naturally refers the objects which surround him to an adequate first cause, and asks "Where is God their maker." If sudden danger threatens him, his eye is directed to the heavens for relief. If unexpected happiness overtakes him, his heart breaks forth in grateful acknowledgments to an unseen benefactor. Even the untutored savage surveys the wildness of nature; the extended earth; the distant heavens with religious awe, and pays to their creator an instinctive homage.

Devotion is a law of human nature, and you can with no more consistency deny its existence, than you can deny the existence of the laws by which heaven and earth are governed. You may as well deny that there is a principle in your bodies that binds them to the earth, as that there is a principle in your souls which elevates them to the heavens.—*Dr. Nott.*

An elegy upon a lady, who had been twice *married*, and left *thirteen children*, in a late paper, begins thus—"Adieu, sweet *maid!*"

THE DRESS OF 1700.

BY ANDREW MERRY, ESQ.

What modesty now marked our fair,
They did not leave their bosoms bare,
Creating passion!
But hiding almost all the skin,
They wore large caps tied under chin;
Ah, sweet old fashion!
And the rough handkerchief did so pin,
That no part of the breast lay open.—

The titled lady, neat and prim,
Exhibited a person slim,
With waist so nice and taper:
How neatly fix'd was every pin!
So tightly lac'd, she look'd as thin
As was her own thread-paper.
And then by a large Hoop's assistance,
She kept the fopling at a distance.

The macaroni, like a lord,
Walk'd with full-bottom'd wig and sword,
And cravat as was made then:
A long square coat with a large cuff,
For tailors put in cloth enough,
A sign that they were paid then!
With fierce cock'd hat they look'd like men,
And wore two costly rings.—
At first large buckles, small ones then—
But never thought of strings.

The Pastor Fido, of Guarini, was first represented before Philip II. of Spain, with great magnificence. This dramatic poem gave rise to a ludicrous mistake. When it first appeared, Aubert Le Mire, librarian to the arch-duke Albert, governor of the Low Countries, misled by the title, inserted it in a list which he was then making of religious books, conceiving that it was some theological treatise upon the duties of pastor, or parish priest.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

A young gentleman, formerly member of the Adelphian Society of Bacon Academy, Colchester (Con.) has favored us with a collection of original pieces, performed at their annual exhibition in 1806. Among these we find the following, which breathes the attic spirit of Connecticut wit.

THE CUP OF TEA—A POEM.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY D. HUNTINGTON.

ARGUMENT.—Introduction—allusion to Barlow's Hasty Pudding—address to Tea—the destruction of Tea at Boston, on account of the duties on it—praise of Navigation—Sugar—Slaves on the plantations—praise of Commerce—Cream—the Milk-maid—process of making Tea—a Tea party—Dedication of the poem to the fair sex.

TO sink the soul, by vicious strokes of art,
To drown the genius, and benumb the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue sink,
Live o'er each cup, and be but what they drink ;
For this the tipling muse first trod the press,
Commanding wine to stream through every mess—
Topers no more their sober nature kept,
And friends to Bacchus wonder'd how they slept.
But not to-night prevails the drinking song,
Nor Bacchus' sweets employ the fault'ring tongue ;
A sober theme the present hour employs—
I sing of private peace, domestic joys.
O, Muse ! who taught your *Barlow's* lines to flow,
And all the charms of *Hasty Pudding* show ;
Who deign'd to help the yankee theme along,
And kept the kettle boiling in his song—
Now for a moment bend your beams on me,
And guide my pen to sing the charms of Tea !
The subject well deserves thy aid supreme,
The poet humble, but august the theme,
Made sweet with sugar and enriched with cream.

Hail, lovely Tea ! with double profit grac'd,
To follow fashion, and to please the taste.
From east to west thy spreading flame has flown,
From north to south thy honored name is known—
T' advance thy praise the polished world combine,
And belles and beauties bow before thy shrine.
What'er thy kind, what'er thy title be—
Souchong, or green, or hyson, or bohea ;
The same thy substance, and the same thy use,
Thy taste as grateful, and thy sweets profuse.
Thy pleasing power the British tyrant own'd,
When on Columbia's infant states he frown'd ;
And, bent to make an instrument of thee,
For royal vengeance, laid a tax on Tea.
O, day of loss ! when first in Boston's port,
Whither the merchants, with their fleets, resort,
The tidings came ; the colony arose,
In words of wisdom, 'gendering future blows.
Then num'rous chests of ever precious Tea,
Roll from their decks, and glut the gaping sea !
Must, then, the fair support the nation's cost,

And the sweet solace of their lives be lost ?
Could the stern fates no lighter vengeance find ?
Could nothing less appease the royal mind ?
Ah ! no—the pride of China gluts the sea,
And Neptune's court regale themselves on Tea !
Hail, sovereign China ! queen of every art !
Who dost thy riches to the world impart ;
From thy blest shores the precious herbage came,
Thine be the honor, thine the lasting fame.

See ! the tall bark is welcom'd to the shore,
Laden with treasure, from each foreign store.
The costly cargo decks the smiling strand,
With bails and boxes, to enrich the land.
See the rich goods—the wealth of commerce see,
Nor overlook the pond'rous chest of Tea.
Hail Navigation ! patroness of art !
Who help'st all realms their riches to impart ;
Who help'st the world for common good to join,
And all the nations brotherly combine.
Join, too, ye fair ! Your votive voices raise,
In charming concert, in the pleasing praise.
Great good, by her, is brought to you and me—
For you can sip, and I can sing, of Tea.

Yet not to Tea, alone, the song confined,
For sweet'ning Sugar to the juice is joined :
By this enriched, the grateful cup is graced,
To help the flavor and improve the taste.
Shall fancy waft us, now, to India's isle,
To view, with pitying eye, the Africk's toil ?
See nature's riches in the sun-burnt plain,
And watch the labours of the nectar'd cane ?
Sad were the task, ill-spent the poet's time,
To sing of slav'ry in this cheerful clime.
On such a theme, sad would the numbers flow,
A theme replete with misery and woe.
Ere now, the muse the tale of sorrow hears,
And flow'ry helicon is stain'd with tears.

Again to Commerce we our blessings tend,
To us a favourite, to earth a friend,
She spreads the sail that aids the bark to sweep
The foaming surface of the sounding deep.
She guides, benignant, to the destin'd strand,
And wafts her gen'rous gifts from land to land.
She brings us Bacchus, god of grateful glee ;
She brings us Sugar, and she brings us Tea.

From Tea and Sugar, now another theme
Attention calls—we sing the cooling Cream.
To this the sweets of rural life belong,
And honest industry improves the song.
Our happy plains, remote from war's alarm,
And bounteous beauties of the fruitful farm.

Soon as aurora gilds the smiling scene,
The merry milk-maid treads the dewy green.
Daughter of innocence—whose charming face
Ne'er felt the burning blush of dear disgrace ;
Whose modest eye deception never tried,

The Cup of Tea.

Nor look'd a sentiment her heart denied ;
Whose breath, more fragrant than the rosy gale
That wafts the sweets of every blooming vale—
Ne'er form'd a word that virtue could reprove,
Nor swell'd a sigh but that of virtuous love.
No pearls or gold adorn her snowy breast,
The seat, serene, of innocence and rest.
Her jetty ringlets act the jewel's part,
Wave round her neck, and mock the pomp of art.
Returning soon, she seeks her native vale,
While the rich milk is foaming in the pail.
The shining pan now decks the dairy's beam,
And its smooth surface ripens into Cream.
When sol, descending, sheds a slanting light,
And length'ning shades proclaim approaching night,
Which absent, yet its peaceful pleasures lends,
And noisy noon with sober evening blends :
The busy maid, whom all the youth admire,
Fans to a flame the cheerful kitchen fire ;
Then to the well she flies, with joyful glee,
And fills the kettle with the future Tea—
Soon, boiling, in the china is it pour'd,
And then with Cream and Sugar decks the board.

See now the smiling family around
The table plac'd, where simple sweets abound :
Each friendly neighbor finds a vacant chair,
And hearty welcome to the luscious fare.
The tender tale goes round, the harmless jest,
And mutual mirth improves the frugal feast.
Tea lends its soft, exhilirating charms,
And sympathising joy each bosom warms ;
It's sweeten'd streams all secret sorrow chide,
And drown despondence in its trickling tide.

At eve the toils of industry may cease,
And labor yield to sweet domestic peace.
The wearied merchant shuts his silent store,
And joys to see the bustling business o'er.
The willing farmer quits the teeming earth,
And joins his happy household round the hearth.
The tumult ceases, all the world retires
To smiling circles round the cheerful fires ;
The evening hour from fretful care is free,
All grief retires before the cup of Tea.
Ev'n bois'roux beaus, that love the noisy inn,
And spend the day in fashionable sin,
Contented leave the scene of joy and glee,
To taste the pleasures of a cup of Tea.

Ye Fair ! to you I dedicate my song,
To you my earnest services belong ;
Give me the joy, while men the theme deride,
To know that you espouse your poet's side ;
I ask but this—I ask it for my fee—
Go, praise my poem—o'er a CUP OF TEA !

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